

Bloodied Black Lace

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/48264271) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/48264271>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham , Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter , Dark Will Graham , Established Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Sassy Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal , Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper , Caring Hannibal Lecter , Implied Sexual Content , Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter in Cuba , Will Graham Has a Nice Day , Dress Up , Dresses , Body Image , Fluff , Domestic Fluff , Fluff and Humor , Kisses , Gift Giving , Post-Hannibal (TV) Season/Series 03
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of Fun with Hannigram
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-12 Words: 2,771 Chapters: 1/1

Bloodied Black Lace

by [MintyEcco](#)

Summary

An intricate gift thought up by Hannibal being offered out to Will comes as a surprise in the late night dusk sky, but the love and expression that comes from it reaffirms why they have chosen each other.

Notes

Made some modifications I've been wanting to in honor of ao3 coming back to life.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There was something concerning with the way Hannibal had insisted upon Will heading into the bedroom the moment he returned to their humble hidden abode.

Mind you he had clarified to Will that *he* would not be joining him in there, yet. Rather he wanted Will to be introduced to something that had ‘appeared’ for him while he was away.

Truly the usually smooth mass murder knew no bounds in his odd attempts to offer Will some form of romantic gifts since they escaped Jack Crawford’s ire in America. Though often times it would amount to vague questions about his favorite kind of meal or dog breed, or better yet an out right murder done in some capacity to offer out something to him as a means to move his heart one way or another.

Though those murderous displays often times would instead draw out Will’s anger, as it could easily compromise their position if anyone had half the brains to give a hard enough look at the suddenly appearance of a corpse in a statue like configuration on the outskirts of town.

A simple enough display in theory could easily cause them to flee once more from the small beach town they’d been about pull enough strings to set up a stumble enough living in, besides the side murder here and there.

But this was— *too* obvious.

Even for him.

With his grand dinner parties, works of art, and murders there comes an expectation of glitz and glamor. A prestige that Will was not normally privy to; making all this even stranger for him to suddenly be experiencing all at once.

All this runs in and out of his head as he enters into their beachside home’s master bedroom, and is met with a small, slim fitting, yet elegant dress. Glimmering in the dusk sun light as the sky is painted in cascades of pinks, oranges, blues, and purples. Accenting the lovely dark hues of the gown so elegantly Will can’t help but imagine just how much effort Hannibal put into the placement of the dress upon the bed.

So perfect, too perfect for what Will deserved.

At least in his perception.

Love still not coming easily to him even after experiencing in it’s multiple forms.

Pining, rejection, lusting, frustration, and pain.

All various forms and experiences of what he had come to understand was love.

Yet Hannibal did not hesitate to offer up the most pure form of this love.

It was twisted, dark, bloody, grotesque, and filled to the brim with human flesh.

Yet there was more understanding there then anywhere else before, and this dressed showed that even more it should have.

As on closer inspection in the glistening light there shows the delicate patterns, of antlers. A stag built into the very fabric of the dress holding the world at attention with it's lovely staring eyes sewn to perfection.

Promptly walking up to the dress at this realization Will gawks on in utter shock at how perfect this was, while also being genuinely startling as, to his knowledge, he had never mentioned the visions he'd suffered from to Hannibal once.

Not a word had left his lips about the stags that had roamed along side him for years, nor the looming symbol of his former fear for his now partner in the odd stag man.

But here it was plan as day on a dress the Chesapeake Ripper had found the kindness in his heart to buy for him.

And he was *deeply* flattered by it.

"I assume you like it then?" Comes from behind him as Will carefully picks up the gift as though it were the most precious thing he'd ever received.

"How did you find this?" He breaths out, barely being able to be heard as his breath his snatched away from him every time the dress shimmers with even the slightest of movement.

"Strings are easy to pull if you know the right places to go."

Shooting Hannibal a quick glare for his avoidance his eyes are quickly drawn back to the beautiful gift, too taken with it to be too mad at the thoughtful benefactor that had brought it to him.

"How did you know—"

"About the stags? Somewhat of a hunch based off of your pre-established interest. You've always been drawn to something about them, and I could always sense this within you since we met."

Once more being tempted to glare at him it felt like a non answer, but those were the kinds of answer Hannibal was best at so what else could be expected?

"Associating me with some of the victim's I've covered isn't necessarily healthy, Hannibal." Will weakly scolds, feeling the need to play up his unnerved nature just to screw with the man. Better that than let it go uncommented on.

"I didn't know healthy was what we were striving for now, Will. Other wise I would have known to leave well enough alone." A cheeky smile placing itself on the cannibal's lips as Will promptly rolls his eyes.

"You know what I mean."

“Are you going to try it on or—”

“I am, don’t worry, just give me a second.” Effortlessly, yet hesitantly, picking it up he slips away into the bathroom. Feeling the fabric grind against his flesh he fears for a second that something was going to go wrong. That Hannibal had made a miscalculation along the way and would have to return it. But, as he had seen women do often, sucking everything it made it eventually an easier fit to get on until it clung tight all around him, baring down below.

Nervously stepping out after a few minutes of effort he lets the light catch itself against him the moment it does. His eyes flicking over to his companion with baited breath to see if he was enjoying the fruits of his labor, or if he thought it was an ill fit for him.

Though to his surprise Hannibal quickly advances on him, easily getting ahold of Will’s waist. Running his hands along the edges ever so lightly until he breathes out, “Does it really matter right now, mon amour?”

A smile peaking through at the edges of his mouth in relief at this reaction he whispers back, “It only matters as much as you make it, and I’d say with this particular motif it matters quite a bit.”

“When you play hard to get you make me want you more.”

Smile widening Will feels Hannibal’s grip tighten as his benevolent benefactor continues to look down at him in admiration. His angular face being cast in such soft shadows that only added to the already inherent beauty he had.

“Then are you going to be the one to take it off of me, or are you just going to leave me like this?”

Cocking his head a little Hannibal’s eyes go back to studying Will’s body, carefully. “And why would I want to remove what I so delicately placed?”

“Because that’s part of the fun of it.” The man teases, reaching up and running a hand along his partner’s face he feels the grip tighten even more. As though somehow by gripping his flesh it could stop the inevitable from happening.

“Is that what you wish, mon amour?” Hannibal delicately asks, worrying most about certainty above all else now.

“More than anything.”

A beat passes between them before Will feels one hand creep up his back and run along the zipper. Smiling to himself the light in turn responds with the action, darkness promptly draping itself over the two as their company is further relished.

“I couldn’t tell if you were a fan of it or not, Will.” Hannibal says, his hands running over a new shiny trinket that was being offered out to him. “So never in my wildest dreams would I

have imagined a gift of my from you.”

Rolling his eyes Will states, “You don’t have to be so dramatic about it.”

“But I have to be, mon amour, I do not know how you were able to obtain such finery by yourself.”

“I don’t have to always rely on you for all my pretty things, Hannibal. Sometimes I have to do things for myself.” He shoots back, growing more and more tired with the situation. All he wanted to do was respond to kindness with kindness. Even if it was Hannibal’s own brand of twisted kindness it was still better to offer something as a thanks than not, and what came after the original gifting didn’t count.

That was just passion.

A part of his life that Will now understood he was missing for much of his life, so it wasn’t just a thank you for the dress. It was just a run of the mill expression of love.

But giving something back to Hannibal? Now that counted as a thank you.

Even if it was difficult to do, it was all going to be worth it in the end to see it in this.

A tight figure clenching dress filled with a dazzling gleam in the early morning light. A night spend bathed in screams and red now coming to a climax with the quiet offer for a continuation of the fun, just was the added bonus of a focus on them.

No victims needed for this delight.

“I don’t need a thank you, Will, this isn’t really necessary.” Hannibal hesitantly says, as though he wasn’t entirely sure how to react to someone reacting likewise to what he’d done.

“Sure it’s not necessary, but that doesn’t mean you can’t take it. Right?”

When Hannibal continues to hesitate he feels someone inside of him coil up in frustration.

“Please, Hannibal, I made this for you, can’t you just—”

“Accept?”

Nodding his head Will is somehow surprised when he is met with a sigh. Notably not a sigh of frustration, but more so as if he were letting something go.

“Thank you, Will.” Hannibal finally says, reaching out and feeling the fabric rub against his fingers. Sequins cutting against his skin but it’s met with a smile rather than a grimace. “You pay attention.” He mutters to himself before going into the bathroom, and immediately finding it a little strange to get into.

Will’s willingness to try this out made sense. Any of the lines he’d set up for himself, at any point in his life, were shattered and rearranged time and time again ever since he’d met Hannibal. So putting on a dress given to him by that very man, not many issues to be found.

Though for Hannibal it was a new thing. His lines and standards had never changed through out many of his experiences, the only exception being when he longed for Will's company once more. And that barely changed how he acted, it only made him backpedal on his stance in regards to his conviction. Letting the FBI see the whole picture than continue to be blinded by him.

So while he was grateful, his uncertainty was grounded. New experiences and him never seemed ot go well together.

But, Will had been a new experience.

So for him he could adapt.

Really he had adapted, he just wasn't ready to admit that. Still he wasn't ready to admit that with any other person he would have strangled them right there and then on the beach when he awoke to find a nearly catatonic Will sitting not far away. He was in no shape to fight back, but Hannibal let him live.

He let this happen.

A life for an eternity of bliss. A good trade off at the best of time, but god was it rough at points.

Though as he feels the crimson dress slip into the shape of his body easily he feels a strange relief wash over him. Running his own hand over it he feels himself settle back into his body, allowing time to settle back into the man he knew and understand nothing changed.

He looked good.

This was good, this was nice, this was— beautiful.

He was beautiful.

It was almost strange to realize that it hadn't quite occurred to him. He'd always known he was attractive, but he'd never considered it.

Really he only ever considered the beauty of others. It was all apart of his process of determining who deserved death and who didn't really. He didn't kill those who were outwardly ugly, but that could play apart in the art he would create with them. Whether or not he allowed them to bloom into something more than they were.

Will knew all that, and that's why he made this.

He knew exactly how to fit, how to form, and how to present this gift. Just so that he could feel his most comfort in it.

It was just what he needed, reassurance.

He never thought he'd be the one to need reassurance.

How strange, the Chesapeake Ripper afraid to let himself expand his horizons. But by god was he going to fucking get over this. Because time wasn't always going to favor them, and if he wasted this opportunity now, and survive to understand that, he would never be able to live it down.

Taking a deep breath he eagerly exits, only to be met with Will wearing the very dress that started it all. It's deep black coloring along with the stag staring straight at him stands as a stark contrast to the bright reds that Hannibal had now been cast in. Appearing to call back to the detail he had provided to Will just before their relationship was allowed to properly begin with the death of Dolarhyde, the contrast makes him nod his head in understanding.

"Do you like it?"

"Of course, mon amour," he assures, walking forward until his hand is able to find itself resting against the man's stubble laden face. "Just some adjusting needed to be done."

"If it needs to be fixed I can take it back to—"

Finding a finger placed promptly up against his lips he's surprised to see the man shake his head. "It's perfect as is, Will, do not fret anymore of it."

Letting that concern slip away as he was told he opens his mouth just enough to run his teeth along the man's flesh. Watching carefully as his eyes dilute near instantly as a reaction he waits in wonder to see what he will choose to do next.

To his surprise, his hand moves away from his mouth and instead goes to his waist once more. A facet that he was easily beginning to notice was one of his favorite parts of his body.

"Dance with me." The man practically commands.

Gawking in surprise for a beat before it quickly goes into Will nodding his head eagerly, "Alright, but I don't know how easily that will be like this. I don't think they were made with movement in mind necessarily."

Feeling his body go down towards the ground his breath catches as Hannibal suddenly has his down in the dip motion, sweeping his feet out from under him with one swift motion of his leg. "Then we'll find a way around it."

Smile splitting across his face Will once more nods, hands wrapping themselves around his neck for support in the motions that were about to come, his eyes glance out towards the continuously brightening sky with joy.

Feeling his body sway and dip along with Hannibal his smile grows and grows. Their forms pressing closer and closer together as their feet slide against this hard wood floors. Stumbling around a few times only for the other to catch them they would pause, and then continue once more. Twirling, spinning, twisting, and turning round and round until they eventually collapsed onto the bed.

Breathless but joyful they gaze into one another's eyes and beam with delight. An ending for their night time escapades, and the beginning once more of a new day. A just as enjoyable day, but one more focused on them. The two refocusing their actions back to the people inhabiting the bodies that draws the blood and destroys the flesh of others.

This was what *Hannibal Lecter* wanted, allowing himself to set aside what the Chesapeake Ripper wanted. A similar experience playing out for Will as well though he knew it far better than his partner.

Because they were here together being allowed to swoon and swirl in their little beach side cabin.

Not the murders, but the people inside.

And that was what they *longed* for.

End Notes

This is the post that originally inspired this idea:

<https://www.tumblr.com/loshka/129704909595/link-now-wheres-the-honeymoon>

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!